

## Home Gossip

Short Stories of Man's Natural Half, Shown at Home.

## In a Sad Predicament.

One day last week a crowd of young people went picnicking in one of the groves near the city and one of the girls took her little sister along. The little girl was a pet of the whole crowd and every one took a hand at showing her a good time. She played hard all afternoon, jumping around in the woods, climbing trees and wading and then when supper time came, she developed an appetite that was wonderful. The party had taken along a large supply of the usual picnic eatables and when the little girl sat down on the grass to eat her supper, the older ones spent all their spare time giving her the best of everything. She ate pickles, salmon, fried chicken, sandwiches, ice cream and cake and when nearly every one else had finished her supper, she was still eating. The way she stuffed away eatables was a caution. Suddenly she began whimpering, then crying openly, then let out a yell that frightened the birds from their nests. The older girls rushed to her rescue, expecting to find a snake or some other animal in her vicinity, but not so. Everything appeared serene, but she continued to cry. They asked her what the trouble was, but could get no answer. Finally her older sister approached and the little girl pulled her down to her and whispered in her ear: "I can't eat anymore."

## Tragedy of a Loose Board.

The court house crowd is telling a good story on one of their number. This gentleman lives on a farm and occasionally does a little work around home. He has a large water tank, and the tank leaks, and he has hogs—your know the rest. The hogs made such a wallow around the tank that the only way to reach it was over a board fence. The owner has long white hair and whiskers in which he takes great pride. He decided to stop the leak in the tank, so one Sunday afternoon took a rag, a plug and a hammer and started to make his way to the tank over the board fence. He reached the tank all right and while hanging by his feet, was driving the plug home when something happened. The top board ripped off and the man with the white whiskers fell on his back in about 16 inches of mud as thin as paint. He scrambled out at best he could and went to the house expecting sympathy from his wife but when he reached the door, he experienced another surprise. She took him for a hobo and called the dogs. However, before they arrived on the scene he managed by pantomime to prove that he was her worthy husband. The tank is still leaking.

## Visited Niagara.

E. C. Pollard gives the following account of the Wichita party's trip to Niagara: "At 7:40 a. m., the Palace steamer, carrying 2500 leaguers, landed at Buffalo after a calm and pleasant passage of 280 miles. The party decided to take the Erie railroad train instead of the trolley line, as one hour's time was saved. The leaguers started in time for that railroad station five blocks away. Twelve coaches awaited their arrival. Thirty minutes' ride brought us to the station at Niagara. The leaguers marched down six blocks to the City park in front of the noted Niagara tower and in full view of the falls. Here they lined up and stood in amazement before the world's wonder. Having arrived at the falls at 9:30 a. m., we had until 4 p. m. to return to Buffalo. The party was eager to see in these six hours all the sights of the place: Tuna Island, Horse Shoe Falls, the Sister Islands, The Cave of the Winds, the Gorge Route, taking in the rapids and the whirlpool, seven miles to Lewiston and return, a walk over the Suspension bridge to get the view from the Canadian side, the ascent to the top of Niagara tower, a ride on the Maid of the Mist—all and to be taken in the six hours allotted. Strange to say, many of the party took in all of the above places of interest and got back to the train at the appointed time. What a busy day it was. What a day of sight-seeing. No country on earth could present such scenes of sublimity and majesty. It is the visit of one's life to visit Niagara Falls. The building of the Gorge electrical railroad, Lewiston, seven miles below, is a wonderful piece of engineering. It descends to the water's edge at the rapids and continues thence to the Whirlpool on to the mouth of Niagara river, where the large steamers come in from the lake. The return trip gives the best view of Whirlpool, the rapids and the falls. The scenes grow more majestic as one visits the various points of interest. To stand on Tuna Island places you between the Americans and Horse Shoe Falls. To return on the bridges connecting the Sister Islands gives one a view of the rapids above. To take a ride on the Maid of the Mist brings one to the foot of the falls, where one gazes upward filled with amazement and awe at what he sees. Should he take the elevator and go 800 feet to the top of the Tower he there looks down on the most wonderful scene the earth could present. A bird's-eye view of the city, the falls, the rapids, the Goat Island and Sister Isles. A view to given of the Bronco Monument at Lewiston, marking the ancient battle-field of our forefathers. All aboard the train at 4:30 p. m. were soon back to Buffalo and aboard of the lake steamer bound for Detroit. A vesper service was held aboard the steamer in which leaguers praised God for His wonderful works. As many aboard the steamer failed to get berths and their only alternative was to sleep in chairs and on the cabin floors. The scene in the cabins reminded one of a third, worn-out picnic party. Wednesday morning found us back in Detroit. Where the party separated, some to return to Chicago and others to go east to visit friends. My wife and I arrived at La Porte, Ill., a southern town of 5,000 population of Chicago. Here we visited our daughter, Mrs. E. M. Williams for a week.

## Mary F. Lease, Spiritualist.

Much has been said in all papers of Kansas concerning Mary F. Lease and her prophecies for spiritualism. It has been a good many years since Mrs. Lease called Wichita her home. Recently at the funeral of the Rev. Ira Moore Courilla, pastor of the Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, Brooklyn, this woman suffragist of Kansas, made an address. Mrs. Lease was almost in tears as she commenced her eulogy, which she delivered at the deathbed request of Mr. Courilla.

"It was at the close of the great Civil war when the armies of the north and south had left the fields of battle to walk in the paths of peace, that our friend was born," said Mrs. Lease, "and from the year 1865 until he died he proved that he was particularly endowed with a per-

ception that enabled him to make known the unseen. He had extraordinary clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts and through these qualities he made many loyal souls happy.

"He believed in the Bible and taught from it, and as near as possible, he lived the Christ life. The world has just lost the loved and revered head of a great church, but the death of Pope Leo XIII. is not more sincerely mourned than is the departure of our late friend and pastor of this church, the Rev. Ira Moore Courilla. He taught toleration for all religions of Christ. That he was not recognized by the world at large is owing to the fact that Spiritualism is persistently misunderstood.

"Spiritualists believe that the angels guarded Christ's sepulcher; they believe that He appeared to His disciples; they believe that the body is of the earth, and the soul is of God. All of this the general Christian church believes. But the Spiritualists have further. They believe that spirits make themselves known to those left in the flesh, now, as well as nineteen centuries ago. Mr. Courilla believed this and taught it.

"And so it is, my friends. Our pastor believed in a soul and immortality. He has passed beyond. He proved his belief while on earth. He experiences it now. We look upon this lifeless clay and we ask it where the soul has gone. It is dumb. We ask the stars, and they are dumb.

"My friends, if we could only open our spiritual eyes, we would see at this moment, gathered around this casket, white-robed spirits. They are here, filling this cathedral with their presence. And among them is our brother and pastor, who would utter to you words of sympathy for the grief you feel, and exhort you to be happy in the knowledge that he has gone to a higher state. He is what the world calls dead, but my friends, his death bed was happy. He was not afraid of the grim presence. He looked upon death as a deliverer.

"We are all sentenced to death, my friends. Not one has escaped that inexorable decree since the beginning of creation, but we should not look upon death with feelings of horror. The hour of death is the hour which tries men's souls, but to us who know the beyond, it should be welcomed."

## A Grocery Man's Menagerie.

Elvin Mason runs a grocery store on East Douglas, but he usually has some species of a beast, bird or insect around that brands it as a menagerie and just at present he has one that is a curiosity. One day last week he met a representative of the Eagle on the street and invited him to see a new species of a bed-bug. Now, the Eagle man had seen animals of that kind of all shapes and sizes, and of varying degrees of ferocity, but thought if Mr. Mason had one worthy of being in his store, he would be worth seeing. He was led back along the counter and there, standing on the top of the show case, stood a monstrous bed-bug that one would not care to tackle without a Winchester. It stood at least four inches high, had teeth, legs and a tail, and had a look in its eye that boded no good. The beast was harmless, however, for it consisted merely of a small head of cabbage with toothpicks for legs. Anyone would know it was a bug for on its broad back it carried the sign: "Friday Mason's Wellington Bed-bug." It is said to have been captured in one of the Wellington hotels.

## P. H. Alexander, Genius.

P. H. Alexander used to live in Wichita. He is a great genius. The Enterprise gives the following account of his ingenuity: Recently the Enterprise force was greatly worried. The big roller of the news press was overcome with the heat. A vicious tumor had formed upon one end, which necessitated a very dangerous surgical operation. The services of P. H. Alexander were engaged, and with red hot wires he attempted to reduce the swelling. When he had finished the operation, two more tumors had formed. He said that was owing to the definite combination of rebellious fluids that simultaneously, successively and persistently refused to solidify. And that wasn't all he said. Alexander can say things about a hot roller that would surprise anybody. He does it with so much expression and feeling, too. In that respect he is the best foreman that ever came to Lawton.

Toward six o'clock his patient was resting better, and he was sure that all that was needed now was a quiet, cool place to lie in. He himself ran lie almost any place any time, but what he wanted was a cool place for the roller. So he took his patient across the street to the Newport bar and begged hard to place the poor sick thing in the refrigerator. The proprietor looked at the black, fatty degenerate of a roller and said he wasn't running a hospital.

But Alexander looked so sad and so many other doctors that he finally got permission to stand the roller in the beer cooler. It was ten o'clock, however, before the paper went to press.

## "Have-a-Look's Shanty."

The east-enders note with tears in their eyes that "Have-a-Look's Shanty," the building that has been used by the superintendent of construction during the erection of the Frisco buildings, is decorated with a shingle on which are the words, "For Sale." When the Frisco office, agents are conveyed the idea of building an elegant stone depot, this little shack was built in about three-quarters of an hour of good pine boards and remains today as one of the landmarks of the east end. When it was erected the Frisco yards were innocent of a building large enough to store away a keg of nails, but since that time large stone and brick buildings have grown up around it and in their splendor completely overshadowing it. Every order in regard to the work on the buildings has come out of the door of this pine house and in honor of the superintendent who was always around to see how the work was progressing, it was very appropriately dubbed, "Have-a-Look's Shanty." Now that its days of usefulness are over it is to be cast aside like an old horse. The east-enders weep and their neighbors weep with them.

## PERSONAL NOTES

In Boston they are quoting a bon mot of Senator Lodge, when asked to define the present interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. "The Monroe doctrine," he said, "so long as our secretary of state is named Hay, our foreign policy will be 'Keep off the grass!'"

President Laubet's visit to London recalls the Irish people's claim to regard him as one of themselves. Laubet, they hold, is merely a collected form of Laubet, a name which is quite common in the south of Ireland, and that the president's ancestors hailed from Ireland they entertain not the slightest doubt.

A train porter in Evansville, Ind., restored a lost pocketbook containing \$5.00 to its owner and was rewarded with a cigar.

## Eagle Table and Kitchen

Suggestions What to Eat And How to Prepare Food.

These articles on the necessarily abstruse topic of food are carefully prepared and based on knowledge of chemistry as applied to cooking and practical information derived from actual experience.

First Volume—Conducted by Lida Ames Willis, Marquette Building, Chicago, to whom all inquiries should be addressed. All rights reserved by Banning Co. Chicago.

## COOLING DRINKS FOR SUMMER'S THIRST.

"It is Human to Err, But More Human to Drink."

Iced drinks have been termed the "American drink folly." And no doubt it is rank impudence to indulge in them simply to please the taste and take them in too great a bulk. The immediate effect may be present, but may be followed by serious results. Very cold drinks introduced into the stomach in the form of a deluge, when one is overheated are apt to lower the temperature of the stomach and paralyze the nerves.

The large number of sweetened and flavored summer drinks show that the thirst is not satisfied with ordinary ice water or else the taste, once pampered, craves the tart addition of an acid, or of some quality which will give a good imitation of the peculiar mellowness of genuine seltzer.

There are many gratifying and delicious drinks which may be made at home. This gives a certainty of the purity of the materials in the mixture and also furnishes a very acceptable form of refreshment to have ready to serve your guests at short notice. Usually the most popular summer hostess is she who serves the most delightful and attractive beverages.

Fresh fruit beverages are to be preferred, as these give a natural, wholesome drink with the sweet and acid deliciously combined. These drinks are also more cooling and satisfying.

## Raspberry Vinegar.

Place fine ripe, red raspberries in a bowl and pour over them pure cider vinegar, allowing one quart to the same measure of fruit. Allow this to stand twenty-four hours, then strain this quantity over another quart of berries and let stand for another day. Repeat this for four days, then strain, make very sweet with pure cane sugar, bottle and seal and use.

## Blackberry Cordial.

Put the berries in a large stone jar and set this inside a larger vessel of water and let cook until the berries are soft; then strain through a cheese-cloth bag. To every quart of the juice allow two tablespoons each of ground cloves, mace and allspice, and four of ground cinnamon. To the above in a cheese-cloth bag so that they may be removed when the cordial is done. Add one pound of granulated cane sugar, and boil all together for fifteen minutes, skimming well; then add one pint of best brandy, and set aside to cool. When cold strain out the spices, bottle and seal.

## Mulberry Shrub.

Press out the juice from fine ripe black mulberries and allow it to stand for ten days until it ceases to ferment, then carefully remove all scum and pour off into a fresh vessel and allow to stand for twenty-four hours. Again pour off. To thirteen ounces of the juice allow one pound of best cane sugar, heat to boiling point and then strain through a jelly bag, bottle and seal. Serve in a glass half filled with cracked ice.

## Lemon Syrup.

Express the juice from twelve lemons, grate the rind of six and add to the juice and allow all to stand over night; then take six pounds of loaf sugar and make a thick syrup; when this is cool strain the juice, pressing the oil from the grated rind. Put into bottles and cork tightly. Add one tablespoonful to each glass of ice water.

## Royal Spruce Beer.

Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one-quarter of an ounce of ginger, grated rind of two lemons and a teaspoonful of essence of spruce. Dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water and add to the mixture; allow it to stand until it ferments, then strain and bottle, corking tightly.

## Black Currant Cup.

To each pint of black currant juice add two quarts of weak green tea. Sweeten to taste and cool. Serve in tall glasses with cubes of ice.

## Turkish Delight.

Grate a fine, large, ripe pineapple into a bowl and cover with boiling water; allow it to stand five hours, then strain off the clear liquid and sweeten to taste and freeze to a soft snow, serve in glasses with a spoonful of red raspberries in the bottom of each glass.

## Raspberry Shrub.

Pick over carefully six quarts of black raspberries, cover with pure cider vinegar, cover the jar with a piece of fine cheese-cloth to keep out the dust and let stand for twenty-four hours, then put in a bag and press out all the juice. Prepare six quarts more of the berries and put them in the juice and allow to stand for twenty-four hours, then squeeze out the juice and strain through cheese-cloth. Measure the juice and to each pint allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle; boil rapidly for ten minutes, removing all scum as it rises, then bottle and seal. One cup of the shrub to a quart of water makes a very delicious drink.

## Unfermented Grape Juice.

Put one cup of water and ten pounds of grapes into an agate saucepan. Heat until stones and pulp separate; then strain through a jelly-bag and sugar, heat to boiling point, and bottle. To serve fill glass half full of the grape juice and fill with ice water.

## Wine Whey.

Put one pint of sweet milk in a porcelain saucepan, set on the fire and when it boils add white wine until it turns to curds. Boil all up, and let the curds settle. Strain off the liquid, add a little boiling water, and sweeten to taste before serving.

## Queen's Nectar.

Pare the thin yellow rind from three lemons. Add two quarts of boiling water and two pounds of granulated sugar. Stir until all the sugar is dissolved, then cool; add the juice of the lemons, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, a few chopped figs and six quarts of water; allow to stand for five days, stirring twice each day; then strain into bottles and cork tightly.

## Lemon Beer.

To one gallon of boiling water add a sliced lemon and a tablespoonful of ginger, scald well; cool and add half a pint or half a cake of good yeast, sweeten to taste; let stand to ferment and then strain into bottles, cork tightly and keep in a cool place.

## City Regulator

Makes Suggestions as to How to Build a Wichita.

To the Editor of the Eagle.

When I see a fellow sit down in a street car and throw the back of the other seat over and cock his feet upon the seat, I think he ought to be made pay another fare.

Two weeks since two grafters came to town and spread their net for suckers. The Eagle made mention of their presence. They left town the first train after the Eagle came out. The result was that instead of a complimentary write-up they gave the town a nice roast in a publication that lives on roasts.

Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the Union Mills whistle sounded. Men looked at their watches and women looked at the clocks, wondering why the whistle was blowing. Upon second thought it was noticed to you that there was a fire and for you to shut off the water running on your premises, as the City Regulator suggested. Did you?

If you don't believe in advertising, that people don't see and read the advertisements, just advertise for something you don't want.

Wanted—To know "which from t'other." The Rock Island claims ownership of the Frisco and Choctaw, and named the combination the Rock Island System, while the Frisco has just finished a nice freight depot and a very handsome passenger building. In the dome they have placed the words, ground in glass, "Frisco System."

The handsome, cleanest and best kept town in the Mississippi valley is Wichita. Some day her people will conclude that the telegraph and telephone poles must all come down and the street car line must put in underground trolleys and that all the streets must be paved and guttered, making that the issue and proceeding to elect men to carry out their wishes.

A real sensible way to take a vacation is to stop work, stay away from your place of business, live at home, fish, drive, golf, gin about the house mending, pulling crab grass, reading, sleeping, loafing and resting. Quite a number of Wichita people are doing this and enjoying it, and are being benefited by it.

Messrs. Ketchum, Stickum & Co. are visiting our city in the interest of fake advertising. Suckers will please be patient. Their gentlemanly agent will call as soon as possible.

A drive along the banks of the Little river from Murdock to Central, 30 feet wide, sloped to the water's edge, with grass growing on it, maintained and cultivated and kept up by the park commissioners, will certainly enhance the value of the property on which it is made. If the property owners along that drive would build their homes fronting on that drive it would at once become a most desirable place to live.

A lot of people are watching George Spencer's experiment sprinkling the street in front of his residence on North Market street. It has stood a wet spell and a dry and hot spell and so far has been entirely free from dust, which was the result most desired. How long it will last and the cost is yet to be taken into account.

I would order that every team passing the corner of Douglas avenue and Main street should come to a slow walk, autos and bicycles to the slowest possible speed. The congested condition at this point in the city is such that an order of that kind will have to be enforced or it will require a policeman the greater part of the day.

When I see a half dozen geese on the corner spilling about religion, no two of them agreeing, I think it would be a good scheme to take them out and set them loaded up with genuine camp-meeting religion. It would be a relief to their wives and children who support them.

If you will visit the parks and see the great crowds of women and children who attend the band concerts, so many of them of the class who cannot afford to pay for entertainments, for recreation, and this they can have free—yes, you will conclude that the money spent is well invested.

I see that one of the scientific men of the Kansas State University has discovered indications of a prehistoric race in the shape of a chimney. The only doubt arising is the fact that a tree ten inches in diameter, which would take thirty years to grow, if that scientific proof will come to Wichita he can see trees thirty-six inches in diameter where thirty years ago there was no sign of a tree.

CITY REGULATOR. James Buchanan Duke is president of two tobacco companies and receives a salary of \$50,000 from each of them. A shareholder once grumblingly asked Mr. Duke what he did in return for such handsome pay. "I am not paid for what I do," was the reply. "The companies pay me for the mistakes I avoid making."

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